

On the Level.

At the Players' Club in New York the boys were discussing the English poet, Alfred Noyes.

"Create Noyes!" said an editor. "I used to make poetry pay, but the war has ruined it. I can't get a poem to do and to get along today Noyes is writing advertising jingles. What a come down, eh?"

"A come down?" said a critic, his eyes twinkling humorously behind his pince-nez. "Rumph. What kind of ads is he writing?"

"Bawse ads," said the editor.

"Then," said the critic, "it's no come down."

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